The Times-Dispatch

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1913.

THE STUDENTS' HUNGER STRIKE.

The students of the University of Virginia Commons, or mess hall, are on a strike. Their demands are very simple. They want better food, and more of it. We do not know which element in this phenomenon is the more supremely indicative of great youth—the use of a boycott as a means of protection, or the tremendous concern with things to eat. The adolescent appetite is a thing to strike terror into the heart of any parent, and when it is massed in some hundreds of ravening, red-blooded youths and whetted to the last extreme by athletics, no wonder the gentle dons of Virginia's cloisters stand aghast—though, we must admit, certain of aforesaid dons are stout trenchermen themselves, and are probably not without keen sympathy, located not in the heart, but in a precinct a bit to the right and downward.

However, the students are on a hunger strike. They have improved a bit on the militant English method of hunger striking. In the one case, you strike to go hungry; in the other, because you are hungry, you strike to get fed. If the striker would not be struck, we suggest the second process.

Of course, there is a certain amount of paradox about this. The mental pabulum furnished these boys might be reduced to an imperceptible minimum, and they would never strike. You might dilute study to the nth degree of intellectual annihilation, yet they would laugh and grow fat thereon. The Pierian spring could go dry as a bone, yet no bitter cry of thirst would arise. The midnight oil might be cornered until one drop became so priceless that it would support all John D.'s benefactions, and these Goths and Huns of the academe and stoa would placidly go to sleep in the beneficent darkness. But let their gruel get scant, or their meat passing touch, and lo, the landlady of Preston Heights and Main Street reaps harvest.

We trust the insatiate maw of youth may in some way be crammed. There probably is a bit of reason in the strike. It is not unlikely that the economical scholar has demanded of a paternal alma mater, forfend the bull, too much for his stipend. Perhaps, if the Commons charged enough to furnish him with what he wants, and then really furnished it, the mutineers might be tempted back to use what was built for their comfort.

A PATRICK IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Next to his shillalah, what an Irishman most wants when he is about to meet all comers in a free-for-all fight is another Irishman to stand by and cheer him on. Perhaps that is why Woodrow Wilson's right-hand man is to be Joseph Patrick Tumulty, "a rosy-cheeked Irishman with a fine fund of good humor," and a proved ability to hearten his combatant chief with words of superlative encouragement. Indeed, what other race could supply such a happy combination of the qualities needed in a President's secretary as the Irish good humor, aggressive patriotism and suave diplomacy? Wilson is at least half Irish himself—the Woodrows are canny Scotch, indeed, but the Wilsons are Irish through and through. The twenty-eighth President of the United States is of the Scotch-Irish folk who have given so much steadfast courage and stubborn loyalty to the cause of liberty on the American continent—the same strain from which sprang Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, James Buchanan, Chester A. Arthur and William McKinley.

"Joe" Tumulty is the President-elect's first appointee. That is as it should be. He was a Democratic member of the New Jersey Legislature when Governor Wilson was elected and through the thick and thin of the New Jersey political fight that will go down in fame, Tumulty, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, was right behind the man who knocked out James Smith, Jr., every time he stepped into the ring. He has been Governor Wilson's secretary ever since he went into office, and when the Governor appointed Tumulty to the clerkship of the State Supreme Court, the latter continued to act without compensation as the Governor's secretary. He has been Governor Wilson's most intimate counselor. He believes that there is no man like Woodrow Wilson, a circumstance which will make for complete co-operation between himself and his chief. He goes to Washington at a decided financial sacrifice, but like a good many other good Irishmen of to-day and yesterday, there are some things that he holds higher than mere material gain.

Tumulty was brought up in a tenement district ward in Jersey City. His father was a molder in poor circumstances. Tumulty, who is a Roman Catholic in faith, and a member of the Knights of Columbus, attended St. Bridget's Parochial School, and later St. Peter's College, from which he was graduated in 1899 with the degree of B. A. He is a lawyer and a member of many political and social organizations. Like many another good Irishman of to-day and yesterday, he is the father of six children—the youngest is a baby of a few months, to whom President-Elect Wilson paid a special visit in Jersey City shortly after his election. He is noted as an after-dinner orator, and we shall be disappointed if he is not heard in Richmond before many months go by.

His is a trying task, requiring rare cleverness and skill in handling people. He must be a "buffer," against whom the public presses at the door of the White House executive offices. Weighted with unnumbered responsibilities, he must keep all comers in a good humor, and be tactful in all things toward all men. He must be a salve to vanity and a tonic to pomposity. And when you start upon your thorn-paved way, surely all good Democrats will wish good 'cess to you, Joseph Patrick Tumulty, and may your smile never leave you!

HOW TRAIN THE CHILD?

The average American is so firmly convinced that education is the true palladium of his liberties that he is liable to become fanatic on the virtues of his schools. Nowadays he wants everything that cannot be slipped in elsewhere done by the school. Probably much of this tendency is wholesome, but the country-wide discussion of what should and what should not be taught at public expense seems to indicate an unreasonable amount of muddy thinking on the theme. If there be one thing on which clean-cut, vigorous and philosophical definition is needed, it is education.

For our own part, we think much of the difficulty might be avoided if some time and attention were given to establishing the fundamental ideas as to what sort of training is required by the young generation, and what is to be implied in the term school. It would be a good thing if a great classifying brain like Aristotle's might happen along to get these problems into decent order.

Is education for material success in the business of making a living? Or is it to train the mind in the general categories of reality so that he may have an equipment for handling the heterogeneous muddle of phenomena presented by the passing years? Must he get a mass of facts by heart, or a few principles that will enable him to use the facts as they are forced upon him by experience? Must the school teach him morals and manners? Must it develop his body and the skill of his hand as well as the strength of his mind and the ingenuity of his imagination? Must he be given esthetic culture and spiritual sustenance to counteract the materialistic leanings of a machine age? Must education aim at preserving the level of mediocrity or saving the isolated genius? Must it do all of these things pellmell so that none of them are done wisely?

We have no answer to suggest. We do, however, desire to point out one fact. The general aim of the human race seems to be to secure for the individual a certain amount of self-realization that we call happiness, and to make of the next generation a slightly better material than the present. Is there no mind broad enough to start with these principles and bring some kind of order out of the present educational chaos?

LABOR COSTS AND THE TARIFF.

Chairman Underwood, of the Ways and Means Committee, was correct in stating at a recent hearing that "labor cost, even when considerable, is one of the smallest considerations in solving the tariff problem." American wages, when expressed in terms of hours, days or weeks, are comparatively high, but when they are set forth according to articles produced or services performed, they do not appear in such startling contrast with rates of remuneration in other countries. The economies of production on a large scale and the reduction of labor costs by the invention and installation of remarkable mechanical appliances are the unique features of American industry. Very small tariff duties would serve to offset such differences in labor costs between this country and other industrial nations. If the present tariff bounties were allowed to find a place in the pay envelopes of industrial workers, very radical advances in wages would result. The time has passed for giving serious consideration to the political buncombe which aims to defend special privilege in the name of the wage-earner.

HENRI BERGSON, PHILOSOPHER.

Henri Bergson, the wisest of modern men, if giving to human thought a new and fertile conception in philosophy constitutes wisdom, is in America. He has come to give a few lectures at Columbia University, and incidentally to be interviewed. His opinions to the reporters are worth noting, because they are presumably based on that solid foundation of deep thinking and spacious vision so sadly missing from the uttered maxims of most public men. Pierre Loti gave us his sensations in America, and Arnold Bennett did us as a preposterously clever journalist can, but not recently have we looked at ourselves through the eyes of a great philosopher. The pleasing thing about M. Bergson's remarks is their simplicity and directness. They deal with current events with the same touch of reality found in his philosophical writings. He is not, as the French (and slangy Americans) say, "in the air."

"I have a very high opinion of Mr. Wilson as a scholar. It was a splendid thing for Americans to have elected a college president as President of the United States. This is one of the signs of the idealism that, in my opinion, is often to be found in American life." Of Mr. Roosevelt, he mentions his self-confidence and also his ability. "I felt that he was a complete master of himself." It is not unlikely that M. Bergson, feeling himself still uncertain about many things after years of study, must envy the versatile Theodore his assurance.

That Bergson is a real philosopher needs no other proof than his mild humor about his sea-sickness on the way over. "We teach in psychology that we get accustomed to things gradually. But I felt that the further I went and the longer I stayed on board the worse I grew." This process of correcting theoretical ideas by the bitter test of actual experience is one of the keynotes of the Bergsonian system.

What this gentle Frenchman has given to the world's thought is a new way of looking at time, and an interpretation of life as a process of creative evolution. If his genuis would reach to the height of telling us what the helter-skelter of our national life is creating and to what ends it is evolving, he would answer for many men a problem that at present seems without solution.

SEND A POSTAL FOR BIRDS.

If each of the farmers and sportsmen and nature-lovers in Virginia would spend a penny for a post-card and five minutes' time in writing on it an appeal to his or her Congressman for the passage of the McLean migratory bird bill, and if the same measures were taken in other States right now, this important act would be called before the House and passed before the end of the session. The bill has passed the Senate unanimously. But, as the treasurer of the Virginia Audubon Society points out, it may be lost in the rush and confusion of the few remaining days of the Sixty-second Congress. Hundreds of measures will die without coming to a vote, so that urgent and immediate pressure must be brought to bear on the Representatives to save the McLean bill from a similar fate. Direct pressure on Congressmen by letter, personal appeal, telegram or postal, will give evidence of a wide public demand that this protective act be made a law.

We have before emphasized the need for such a law. It is to extend the protection of the national government over passenger birds that are not permanently the game of one State. At present these birds may be saved from slaughter in one State, yet be open to pitiless plunder in the next. Uniformity of action, co-operation, and the strong power of the nation are needed to handle the question adequately.

The sportsman already knows the terrible inroads on our wild game made by pot-hunters. The bird-lover misses the charm of feathered life in the woods and marshes. Most of all, the farmer will feel the loss of the birds in the increase of insect pests that play havoc with his crops. It is an economic matter with him, more than a question of recreation or sentiment. Can he allow the market hunter to profit by the extinction of this natural remedy for agricultural pests? The Times-Dispatch urges sharp, quick action to get the bill through the House.

WILSON CABINET OBSERVATIONS.

Interestingly recalled in connection with the speculation and doubt as to how President-Elect Wilson will constitute his Cabinet, and the reasons that may animate him in his selections are some observations he makes regarding Mr. Cleveland's choice of Cabinet advisers, in his "History of the American People."

Says Mr. Wilson: "In his (Mr. Cleveland's) first Cabinet there had been men like Mr. Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware; Mr. Lucius Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi; Mr. William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, and Mr. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan." These, he adds, had been chosen in accordance with well recognized precedents in such matters, because of their service in party councils.

But, continues our historian, the rest were men, so far as might be, of his own personal selection, whom he chose, not for their influence among politicians or in political canvass, but because of their efficiency as men of business. Next Mr. Wilson notes that in Mr. Cleveland's second Cabinet the element of personal choice was still more marked, and in conclusion remarks that "The President's object was to surround himself, not with a party council, but with capable heads of departments."

An appeal from Wilson, President, to Wilson, the historian, might throw some trustworthy guiding light on what may influence Mr. Wilson chiefly in forming his Cabinet, although it is calculated to cause an uncomfortable flutter in the dovecotes of those who base their claims to his consideration entirely upon influence among politicians or in political canvass.

Here's a ray of light on the winter gloom from the Ohio State Journal:

One thing which the reading public should remember in the paragraphers' favor, even in the most trying moments, is that if they weren't paragraphing they might be trying to write poetry.

Yes, please remember the little things that make life's pathway cheerful. Our poets' poetry may be bad enough, but if this poets' paragrapher ever slips a few lines across, well, you should worry.

When the nurse tried to spank the million dollar McLean baby, the detective who guards the angel child hopped in and had the nurse fired. Too much of this sparing-the-rod will make the Million Dollar Baby hard to keep up with a Million Dollar Kid.

The Ground Hog guessed right.

Easter is going to be earlier this year than for fifty-six years. But we'll bet the spring styles get here first, anyhow.

The unfavorable location of the Richmond jail does not keep men out of it, but helps to make them worse when they get in.

The Hobo convention declared in favor of good roads. Some of the members will probably be at work on them before long.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Installment Plan.

In eighteen hundred eighty-one
I listened to a man,
And he sold me a fine shotgun
On the installment plan.
I'd like to get the paying done,
But don't believe I can.

Each Monday during all the years
He's been right at the door.
It seems as though he really fears
I'll seek some foreign shore;
And each time that the man appears
I sware to have his gore.

The whole world seems to stop until
I pay my share each week.
You'd think it was a monstrous bill
To hear the fellow speak
In tones mysterious until
I feel just like a sneak.

I'm sure that when I die
I'll still be on his slate.
And every Monday he will hie
Unto the pearly gates
And call me out and heave a sigh
If I'm one minute late.

Sure! So Is Everything Else.

Elevator call in department store:

"GENTS' CLOTHING, SHOES AND NECKWEAR GOING UP!"

According to Uncle Abner.

It ain't so very hard to git rich so long as you earn plenty of money and never spend any.

Two can live as cheaply as one if they live with her folks and don't pay any board.

They say it costs twice as much to live nowadays as it did forty years ago. Well, by gravy, it is worth about five times as much.

Hank Timms says he doesn't go oatmobile riding with everybody. No, indeed. They don't all ask him.

The feller who gives the cheapest present is always the one who talks the most about it.

Hod Peters's wife belongs to so many lit'ry clubs that Hod hasn't had a suspender button that he could place any confidence in for nine years.

If every feller would work as hard to hang onto his job as he does to get it back after he loses it, the batting average of efficiency in this country would jump about 100 per cent.

The brass bands with the flashiest uniforms gen'ally make the music that is the hardest to listen to.

Old Colonel Hardtack, a Civil War veteran, had a cork leg which caused his family a great deal of trouble. When there was anything in particular to be done around the farm, which the colonel should have done, he accidently lost the cork leg and was thereby incapaciated for manual labor of any kind. His wife would invariably hunt up the leg, however, and found it in the most surprising places. Once it was found hanging in the well by a string, and several times buried in the hay. Finally the detective instincts of his wife began to pall upon the warrior and he went to the village thirst garage and sold the leg for a quart of the stuff that made Kentucky more or le famous. The proprietor of the place cut the leg up into corks for his bottles, and the colonel thought his troubles were over. But his inventive wife had made him a wooden leg out of an old whiffle tree and has fastened it onto him with iron straps locked with three padlocks, to which she holds the keys.

Heard in the Fifth Grade.

And angle is a triangle with only two sides.

Geometry teaches us how to bisex angles.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them.

Horsepower is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in one hour.

Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.

A renegade is a man who kills a King.

In India a man out of cask may not marry a woman out of another cask.

The Salic law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt.

The Zodiac is the Zoo of the sky, where lions, goats and other animals go after they are dead.

How to Catch Reed Birds.

George Fitch, the famous author of the Siwash stories and the motorboat stories, was diping contiguos to the writer recently and reed birds were on the bill of fare. Reed birds are so small that it is almost necessary to take a microscope to perceive them on the plate.

"George, how do they get these microbes, anyhow; do they shoot 'em, spear 'em or catch them in a net?" was asked.

"Well," drawled George, "I am surprised that you don't know. They catch them on fly paper, of course."

VIEWS OF THE VIRGINIA EDITORS

Stripes Appropriate.

A Missouri legislator has introduced a bill to require lobbyists to wear a uniform consisting of brown suit, red hat and green tie; but a much more appropriate costume for some of them would be stripes.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

An Idol Shattered.

This thing of being elected to public office has a terribly demoralizing effect on folks. No one-gallus Democrat ever suspected their idol would come to it, but Mr. Wilson has consented to wear a silk hat as he reviews the parade on inauguration day, and discard the old slouch which we had learned to love as associated with democratic simplicity. You never know whom to trust these days. What will the horny-handed, sun-burnt sons of toil who till the fields of old Augusta, and incidentally ride around in automobiles, do now for an ideal?

Anyhow, can't we get that old slouch to put in Staunton's archiva Wilsonia?—Staunton Leader.

Superlative Rappahannock.

Friends, we believe in Rappahannock, and our columns are always open for anything to "push" the old county forward. We have some of the best land in the State, raise as fine apples, cattle and corn as can be raised; then, too, our girls are the prettiest in the State, and the men good looking.—Blue Ridge Guide.

Just as They Are.

Virginia's hams need no wine, cider, jellies, fruits, candies or Kickshaw any more than any oyster needs shoes and socks.—New York Press.

And for Virginia oysters, no tabasco or other condiment, when opened fresh from the "rocks."—Virginia Citizen.

No Excuse.

Franklin Pierce Nelson, that saucy old bachelor, of Rose Hill, has on his war paint again. The mild winter seems to keep too much warmth in him for his good, and we serve notice on him that the next time he attacks us on the court green, we purpose to defend ourself. Because a man's girl lays him off for ten days or two weeks is no excuse for getting sour all over.—Northampton Times.

Always Something Doing.

Richmond has 1,400 cases of measles, but something is always breaking out in that town.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Simpler Government.

Virginia journals are calling attention to the fact that cities which have under consideration the simplification of their government ought to be moving if their wishes are to be considered by the next Legislature. If the matter goes over again it will be 1916 before any legislation can be hoped for.

There was at one time a very decided sentiment in Charlottesville for a simpler and more direct machinery of government, with narrowed but intensified official responsibility. There has been no recent discussion to indicate how the tide flows at this time. It is the belief of some thoughtful persons that the record of the City Council for the current year will have much to do with public opinion on this subject. Whatever the present view of the case may be, there is never any loss to be charged to earnest study of public affairs. We invite the attention of our people again to this very important subject. A knowledge of what has been done by other cities is of the first importance.—Charlottesville Progress.

How About It, Brother?

Whenever we hear a man talking about his wife's not being able to keep a secret we can but wonder if he would be able to remain in the neighborhood were she to tell what she knows on him.—Blackstone Courier.

Is this a confession?—Newport News Times-Herald.

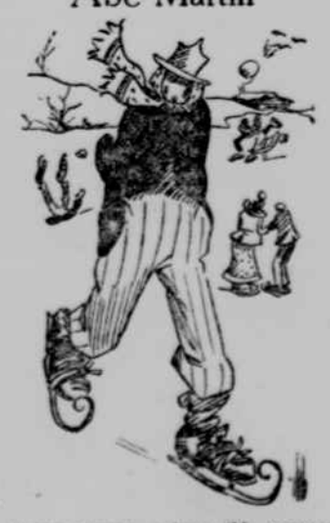
Staunton Preferred.

The way Wilson stood at Staunton was much better than standing at Armageddon.—Washington County Journal.

Don't Forget William Jennings Bryan.

Mr. Taft has only one week and one month to be President, and after that will come Wilson, that's all.—Clifton Forge Review.

Abe Martin



A new broom misses th' corners. Hon. Ex-editur Cale Fluhart addressed th' Civil Service League at Melodeon Hall last night, subject: "What Shall We Do With Our Ex-Postmasters?"

EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL DISTURBANCES IN TURKEY

By John T. McCutcheon.

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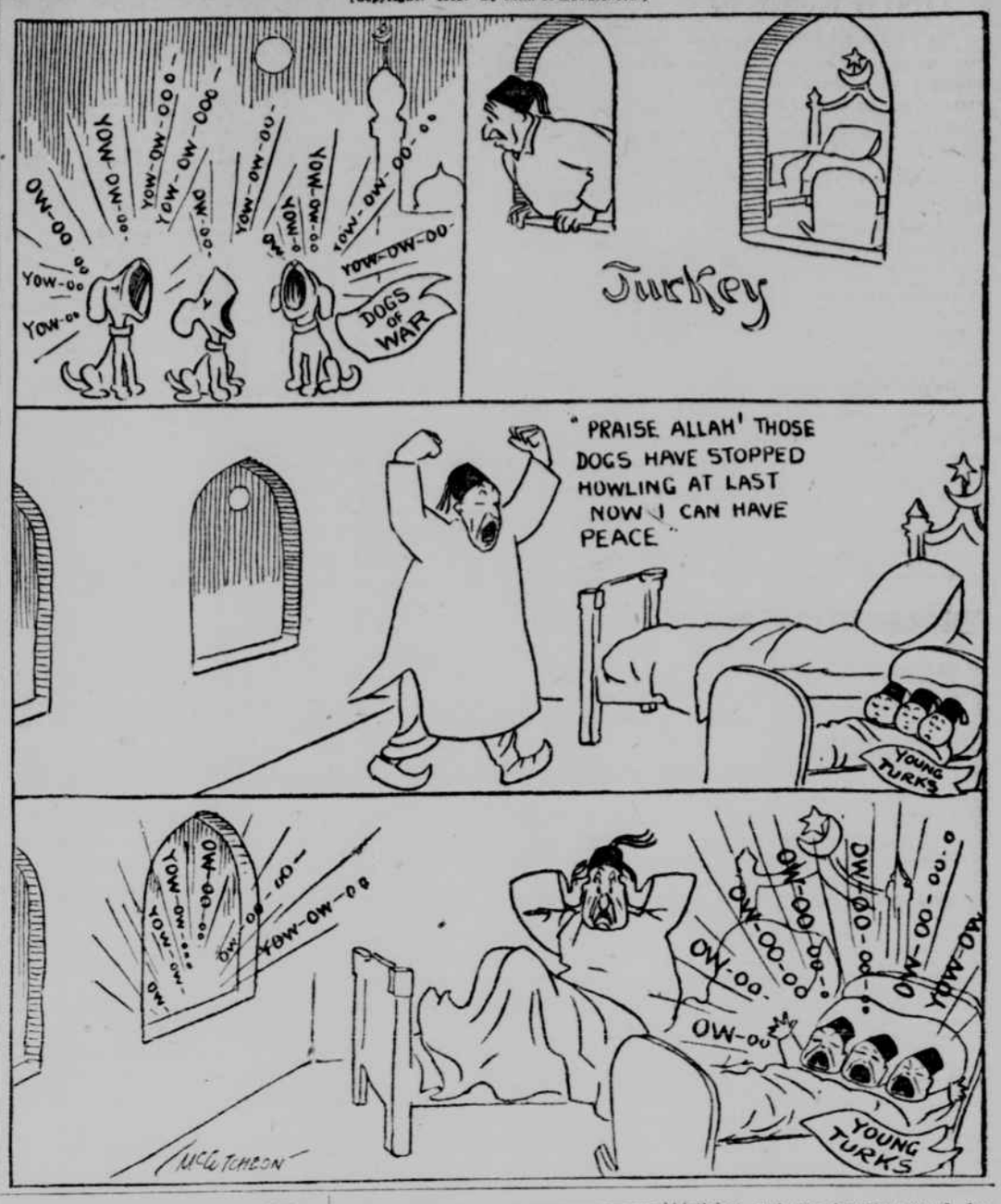

THE WORLD AT LARGE

Does Geometry Help the Baby?

College women will perhaps take issue with Dr. Claxton, United States commissioner of education, who, in a recent address before the College Woman's Club in Washington, inquired, "When her little baby is ill, what good is it going to do her to read Cicero or do problems in solid geometry?" Or what harm? he might have added. "We must conserve the babies," he said, "by adapting education to the people and not trying to adapt the people to education." Is the United States, then, to be converted into one huge baby farm? Even from this point of view Dr. Claxton must recognize that in a nation of 90,000,000 people a good many babies are being conserved; as to the annual loss due to Latin and solid geometry, the vital statistics unfortunately give us no information. As for "adapting education to the people," have we quite given up the idea that people can be improved by education? But that idea means that people are to adapt themselves to education. Giving the public what it wants need not begin in the nursery, and women need not be deterred from Latin and geometry by the fear that they will not know enough to send for a doctor for a sick baby. It is not necessary for half the race to give their whole time to studying the conservation of babies, absorbing as that theme may be.—Springfield Republican.

Ellen Glasgow, Realist.

In a recent interview on her forthcoming book, "Virginia," which is to be published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Miss Ellen Glasgow made some interesting comments upon American literature.

"There are three things a novelist has to do to prove herself," she said; "first, show an ability to create personalities; second, exhibit a sincerity of style, and, third, evince the capacity for an intelligent criticism of life. Without these he is not worth very much in a serious big way. To contribute to the knowledge and understanding of life—that should be his motive in writing—not primarily to create a pleasant impression. We must free ourselves from the fear of fear.

"I really believe that one of the greatest handicaps of the American novel is its agreeableness, its tendency to support the pretty sham instead of the ugly truth. As long as we persecute the writer for not being pretty, so long will we produce the surface fiction. We all need deeper seriousness, deeper reason, and wider personal freedom."

As is well known, Miss Glasgow is a Southern woman, and her books deal with Southern characters, and a great many of them are laid in the South in the period following the Civil War. "Virginia" is laid at a later time, where the problems of the South had taken on more of the aspect of the problems of the world.—The North Carolina Review.

The Ultimate Consumer.

"Parcel post is a great thing."

"Yep," assented the grocer, "you can stick a stamp on a can of corn and send it right out to a farmer."—Washington Herald.

Did You Ever Hear of Him?

Dr. Lewis Swift, America's great astronomer, died to-day at his home in Marathon, never recovering consciousness following a stroke of paralysis sustained New Year's Day. The funeral will be held Tuesday.

Dr. Swift was a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of England, and also of Canada, received three gold medals from the Austrian Academy of Sciences at Vienna for discoveries, the greatest number ever given to any one man, and also received the Lalande silver medal and 540 francs from France for the most rapid discovery of comets ever made.

Dr. Swift was born in Clarkston, Monroe County, N. Y., February 29, 1820, and February 29, 1908, as he himself has written, "was my twenty-first birthday, not my twenty-second, because there was no leap year in 1900 and I went eight years without a birthday." Dr. Swift was the acknowledged discoverer of more than 1,300 nebulae, or "little worlds," and fifteen comets.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

She Had.

"Have you any unmarried daughters, Mrs. De Willoughby?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Vanderbloom. My daughter Minnie was unmarried last week by Judge Cuttem, of Reno," replied the lady.—Harper's Weekly.

Voice of the People

Support the McLean Bill.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—The McLean migratory bird bill, which the United States Senate unanimously passed on January 22, is now in the House. Every association working for the cause of bird life in the United States indorses this measure, and now that the fight is half won, every bird-lover should make it his or her special duty to write to the Congressman from his or her district urging him to interest himself in the McLean Senate bill and see that it is not smothered.

If this bill is not pushed and passed by the House this session, it means another year's delay of a matter which has already been neglected too long.

In the closing weeks of a session of Congress hundreds of bills are calling attention, and unless we show Congressmen that the McLean bill is of nation-wide importance by flooding them with letters and telegrams, there will be no special effort made to get this bill up, and all the work which has been done on it will be wasted, so far as this Congress is concerned.

Don't write a long letter; a postal card will do; make it short; make it plain, urging him to hurry the passage of the McLean migratory bird bill.

The newspapers and the great dailies are using their editorial columns freely because they know the McLean bill is the greatest measure which has ever been offered whereby our American migratory birds can be conserved for all of the people. All who love birds never had a greater service to perform than in writing our Congressmen to hurry the passage of the McLean bill, and a day's delay on any one's part might mean its defeat.

M. D. HART,
Treasurer Virginia Audubon Society.
Richmond.

To the Back Yard With the Rhymesters!

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Another sufferer is encouraged to protest. How have we sinned that we should be obliged to read those uncouth aggregations of words, sawed up into more or less regular lengths—some of them called "sonnets"—that The Times-Dispatch publishes from time to time under the name of poetry? Are there no back yards or dark alleys in Richmond where our poets may be delivered of these things? Let them emulate the cat, which, indeed, makes strange and horrid noises in darkness and out-of-the-way places, but in company behaves more seemly and prudently. And caution them all, if they would set out to be poets, that they should first learn to write English. O, learned editor, be merciful and spare us! Publish other crimes, if you will; but let these be hidden, for they are more than we can bear.

X.

Richmond.